

# A Balad intituled / A cold Pye for the Papistes,

Wherin is contayned: The Trust of true Subiectes for suppressing of Seditious Papistrie and Rebellion: to the maintenance of the Gospell, and the publique Peace of Englande.

Made to be songe to Ladamys Poate.

**W**hat Christian that the Lord both feare,  
Can sobe a blubbering teares for beare,  
The time to way vp rightly  
To se how subiects ebbe and flowe,  
Wherby great discord haps to growe,  
a thing God knowes vnslightly:  
Wherby our Queene and Realme we see,  
By such (alas) disquiet be,  
But God cut short the rage of those,  
As seeke to be their Countreys foes.  
Beat down their brags their boaste deface,  
Unto our Queene Lord graunt thy grace,  
That she the sword from sheath may drawe  
To vanquish such as hate thy law,  
Then shall we be: from daunger free,  
Graunt heauenly God, thus it may be.

The carlesse Crew the shameles Route,  
Of Papists proud whose harts most stout,  
thy Gospell are disdainning:  
Who secretly in corners lurke,  
Much mischief here and there to worke,  
within our land remayning:  
Deface deare God for Christs sake,  
Then shall their Trayterous Treason shake,  
Preuent their hope wherin they stay,  
And disanull their Golden day,  
Wherof they brag: and make great boast,  
Of Christ and his to scoure the Coast,  
They trust to treade thy Gospell downe,  
Against our Queene they fret and frowne,  
Thus thine and thee, contenned be,  
from all such Rebels, England free.

And forfesse our Queene with grace,  
That she with sword from hence may chase,  
all those that haue assented:  
Against thy word and truth to lare,  
Who seek to rayle by Ciuill warre,  
as people discontented,  
With thy deare gifts so manifolde  
Which they and we do well behold,  
Styll giuen by thy good prouidence,  
Yet so in withstand thy reuerence,  
Thy worship Lord they do disdain,  
They seeke (as Truth) Lies to maintaine,  
God graunt our Queene may looke about,  
from hence to weede, such Papists stout,  
Then shall we be, from daunger free,  
Graunt heauenly God so it may be.

The discord in the North we knowe,  
Which through the Doape did spring and growe,  
was warily preuented:  
And some that his Aduauncement sought,  
A Heimen Hatchet iustly caught,  
Because they so assented:  
To take the field agaynst all right  
Against the Truth and Queene to fight:  
But if thy worde and Gospell deare,

Had ben so taught and preached theare  
As it hath ben in London longe,  
They wolde haue founde suche Treason stronge,  
And duely done Obedience:  
Unto our Queene: with reuerence:  
Whose merce may procure alwaye,  
Her Subiectes hartes in Truth to stave.

Yet many seeke for to despise,  
The fowntayne, whence suche Grace doth rise,  
Our Queene and Soueraygne raygnynge:  
And by and downe they vse to goe,  
Lyke Rebelles, Discorde for to sowe  
with Lyes of their owne faynyng:  
What doth the Princesse Curteousie,  
Of you deserue suche Iniurie:  
That suche Rewarde ye render now,  
To her, whiche so doth tender you:  
Shall her true loue reape suche Disdaine:  
Or thinke ye now as Lordes to raygne:  
Our Queene beares not a Sworde for nought  
Your Duties now ye wyll be taught:  
I trust her Grace, within short space:  
All peruers Papists wyll hence chace.

And where as merce hath ben cause,  
That ye transgresse her highnesse Lawes:  
I trust ye shall knowe truelye:  
That Justice Sworde shall cut you short,  
Whiche to worke mischief thinke it sport,  
As Rebelles most vnrulye:  
Beware therefore, ye Papists proude,  
Whiche seeke in Denes your selues to shroude,  
To worke your wiles as boide of feare,  
In casting Billes now here, now there,  
Which seemes our Queene and Crowne to touch  
And ye your selues cannot adbouche,  
The hangman giue you not such checks,  
That Tiburne chaunce to breake your necks,  
Trust me ye may, if ye do play,  
The Rebels thus, you must that way.

For when such Wicked plants are gone,  
Englande shall haue no cause to mone,  
For future foes be doutynge:  
God graunt the Sworde may shun the Sheathe,  
And by the Rootes suche Weedes bereaue,  
for many here are scowtynge:  
Who seeke as muche as ere they maye,  
This lyttell Brittain to betraye:  
And all because we Christ professe,  
As present tyme doth prone no lesse:  
But God confownde poore Englandes foes  
And safely keepe our Ryall Rose:  
from suche as woulde her highnesse harne,  
With NESTORS yeares her Person arme:  
Graunt her thy Grace, in euery place,  
The force of Rebelles to deface.

FINIS. Iohn Phillip.

Printed at London, by William How, for Richard Iohnes and are to be  
solde, at his shop ioyning to the Southwest doore of Paules Church.